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Original Poetry.

MIRACULUM AMORIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

At last I watched a summer Sabbath day
Stroll down the West her robes of rose and gold,
And silver-sandal twilight calm and still.
Weak, sheltered valley, where the wild-flowers
Dreaming the shadows of the vanished hill,
Received the promise of the coming moon!
I turned upon the lake as sweet to rest
By the last look of Jesus, how the Lord
Changed Cana's water into wedding wine;
And I believing,—for love its heart of noon
Was like a vine by tender water filled,
Till thou dear sigh, and change most wondrous wished,
Wrought with love a miracle divine.

Lo, the cloud's floatings that so scarcely tell
The inner secrets of thy life's red flow,
And the rare deeper soul-interior glow!
That on thy parted lips so warmly sleeps,
Like light in rose-leaves, sometimes, my lady fair,
And strangely-rosy commixture of the blood!
The smile that in those lovely features plays,
And ever gracious bends the brown above,
And deeps thy lips in sweetness, then, oh love,
Like water-lilies trapped into the sun!

Ah! not alone to pleasure thy faint lips,
In Love's name, wrought'st thou this work divine,
But visioned Love, and listening, dim
His goblet in this brimming vase of thine,
Tasteth the sweetness and the joy of wine.

Original Novelet.

THE BELLS OF THE SPRINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "THE MOB CAP," "LINDA," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

"To the Springs!" exclaimed Mr. Rolland, tapping the ashes from his pipe against the side of the chimney, and laying the long fantastic Bohemian tube across the rack. "To the Springs, why, who got such a notion as that into your head, Pem?"

"Nobody, papa—it came in of itself," answered Gracy, (for her baptismal name was Gracy Pemberton, but she was known by the former abbreviation of endearment in the family,) "just as the sweet scent comes into the garden, or the music without knowing the how, letitia pipe relating as nicely as her accustomed ease.

"This is new, Mr. Rolland, but the warning came too late—Gracy jumped, but the pipe lay in fragments on the floor. She gathered up the pieces with such a penitential look, her father could not forbear smiling.

"Well then, papa, I'll tell you," said Gracy, resuming her seat in the recess, "but I promised him all the rest of my life, and I do not see—I cannot imagine—"

"When you are seven or eight years older, Gracy, you will cease to be astonished at any of the pride and prejudice of the world you are so ludicrously desirous to know."

"There is one thing I do know, Mr. Wilmer, I will repeat of you. Never call me Pem or Pet, or any other abbreviation, unless you wish to make me scratch. At home I shall never be my thing but Pem, and it sounds as childish and silly I cannot bear to hear it. There is that tall, stalker, willowy Miss Hall, who is called in full Miss Hannah Hall, because, forsooth, it is the pleasantism of a baby—and that delicate fairy looking creature, Miss Walter, adored by the name of Lizzy—Lizzy—Lizzy. How ridiculous! I swore then all—think of sweet, beautiful Carrie Walter, and Gracy shooting. Is it not horrible?"

"It is certainly a very ugly word," said Miss Wilson, "but it is not likely I shall fall into such a habit, as it is not customary at the North. There is something endearing in an abbreviated name, but years will hardly admit of any familiarity with me, and I trust you will not call me Lizzy."

"Yes stiff and stately! why you are the veriest little baron sarcasm that ever breathed."

"You know Mary Gray, papa. Her mother's beauty is not better set off than the beauty of the Springs but Summer and become one of the greatest belles of the season. Even in the air they speak of her as the beautiful Miss G."

"And so you think you are both a beauty and an heiress, you want to go and see how many fools and fortune-hunters will follow in the train of the beautiful Miss Rolland."

Gracy bit her red lips and looked down. She did not like the sentimental expression of her father's bright and clear eyes.

"I do not see the use of being pretty or rich," said she at length, "the old air of a spoiled child, "if one has no one to admire them."

"But suppose some one of these admirers you are so desirous to conceive, a clever, handsome, good for nothing fellow, with an empty head and empty purse, should succeed in making you believe he was in love with you, and you, in love with your heart and your fortune, and then leave you to mourn your folly?"

"Pray, don't talk in that dreadful way. There is no danger of my being imposed upon in such a manner. You must know me very little, papa, to suppose—"

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"Pray

The Traveller.

LIFE ON THE WING.

NIAGARA SUSPENSION

The clouds, dispersed by the morning sun, are rolled, and clouded in grandeur over the face of the sky. The dew-drop has left its bed, and the grateful earth is refreshed with the genial moisture. It seemed as if the genius of the world delighted to be propitious to our journey, and had ordained the morning for the work of the day.

It was a wonderful work, for it was the work of man, and nevertheless, in certain points of view, it was the work of God. Humility, next but a distant relation to nothing, was the first thing that struck me. Around every town, from Detroit, perhaps, to Buffalo, there is a belt of cleared land, which, in the vicinity of the latter, is pretty fair. Extending for a mile or two beyond this, the ground rises, then falls, and is covered with the noblest specimens of the forest scenery. Then, for the first time, I saw the log-cabin of the settler, and the stump-fence, and delighted sentiments, of which I had often read, but never knew the reason. Here, all the trees in the world, were brought low, and the stumps left standing, to remind the traveller that he, too, might recover, without being overwhelmed. At the foot of the road, on the left hand, is a cabin; I say cabin advisedly, as if it called itself a house, it would be impolite to the noble phrase. The logs are rough, and the chinks are filled with mud and shingles! Over the latter, you perceive the remains of a white coating, supposed, once, to be lime. Over the door, is a piece of bark, with the name of the tenant, and the like. This is one of the many traps at which we are invited to stop, and refresh ourselves, or to ride on, as we please. Its object is, at the least, very laudable. It may cost you four cents, and it may cost you a dollar, according to the quantity of whiskey you imbibe. Orthodoxy is not offended when such a state of things prevails.

KIDNAPPING A TAILOR.

On Saturday, at the Whitechapel County Court, was heard the case of Jacobson vs. Rosenberg, which was in action of tort. The plaintiff is a tailor, and, assuming a title, called himself "Professor," on the boards of the Theatre. The defendant is a gentleman who resides in the Tower Hamlets, and who, it appears, has a taste for theatrical amusements. The plaintiff, it seems, was engaged to perform at the Garrick Theatre, on the night of the 7th of November, when Guy Fawkes and his companions were to be blown into the air, for the purpose of singing a song, and he was to receive for his services the sum of 7s. 6d. The defendant, it appears, was also engaged to perform at the Garrick Theatre on the night of the 5th, at a great salary, for the purpose of singing a song, to be introduced into a burlesque. It appears that the plaintiff, on the night of the 5th, was induced by the defendant to go to Garrick Theatre, and there he was detained by force, and was prevented from performing at the Garrick Theatre on the night of the 7th, when Guy Fawkes was to be blown into the air. The plaintiff, in order to recover damages for the loss of his engagement, and for the loss of his salary, brought an action against the defendant, and laid the damages at £5. The defendant, in his defence, stated that he was induced to do what he did by the plaintiff's own request, and that he had no malice against him. The jury, after a short consultation, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 40s.

Clippings.

☞ The trains between Philadelphia and Germantown, for six or eight weeks past, have been crowded to overflowing every day. The receipts have increased 12½ per cent. on the corresponding period of last year.

☞ The Jersey Times has an impromptu, on seeing ladies' bonnets hung with bine chaplet—

"Oh! what's the matter, what's the matter?
On which fathers pests in vain would train our sons,
Once 'a the blue bonnets were over the bonnets."

☞ Madame Pfeiffer, during her late extensive circumnavigation round the world, was often obliged to assume novel forms of dress. At Batavia she donned a gentleman's suit—at Canton, a Tartar costume—at Singapore, a Malay dress—at Ceylon, a Parsee costume—at Bombay, trousers, and a blouse, which I trusted up as high as my hips."

☞ Dose 2cts—more said—

"One sec. when dancers are astrir.
I take it for a passyprtr;
Hated by fools and fit for fate,
Be that my motto, and my fate."

☞ When James II. insisted very much on Lord ——'s changing his creed, he replied—"Please your Majesty, I can yet engaged!" "How?"

"When last in Egypt, I promised the Porte if ever I changed my religion to become a Mohammedan."

☞ *Jenny Lind*, while at Auburn, New York, made several excursions to some of the lakes in the vicinity, in a small steamboat, and, on a blower

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.
Where Books, Pamphlets, Bills, Wedding Cards, Circulars, Job Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with Despatch, in the most modern style, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

INFINITESIMAL DOSES.

We have in the *London Lancet*, has been giving the cause of homœopathic medicines with considerable acumen and learning. As an unofficial friend of both parties, he thinks that what can be urged in favor of that which they practically believe, and which, in many cases what he says, is inference to small doses of drugs:

Nor is the conception of such shadowy quantities of power as those of the 30th, 200th, and 1000th dilution to the body of man without many analogies in the ordinary operations of nature. Dr. Hamilton Drysdale Dowd found that a solution of zinc in distilled water, containing only one part in 1,000,000 parts of water, was sufficient to produce a distinct metallic taste in the mouth. Dr. John Harley has found that a solution of sulphate of potassium, containing only one part of that salt in 1,000,000 parts of water, produced a distinct taste in the mouth. Dr. Snow has found that the natural medicines in some of the mineral waters are present in the proportion of one part in 1,000,000 parts of water. Dr. Muller has discovered that arsine or arseniuretted hydrogen is detected by Marsh's test by the 1/100th to the 1/1000th part of a grain. Dr. Letheby has found that 1/100th of a grain of phosphorus in vapor or solution, diffused through a pint of water, is sufficient to communicate the odor of phosphorus to the breath

Selected Poetry.

"ONWARD, ONWARD, ONWARD!"

BY JOHN JAMES LARGMORE.

"Onward, onward, onward moving!"
With a firm and joyous tone,
Shouted the brave Commodore,
Perry, as, on Erie's waters blue,
With a bold and lofty purpose,
Today of thee Justice to day,
Resolved to meet the foeman,
Or perish in the fray.

"Onward, onward, onward moving!"
Shouted the gallant Perry,
Shouted the gallant Perry,
Shouted the gallant Perry,